

You play at being night,  
grow dark, you sky copier,  
trying to learn a tongue  
that will die with your breath.  
You know how to bet with night, follow the arrow  
as it pierces each lid like a dream.  
You bite the sun, bite the small flame  
in its dance with your breath.  
Night forms little by little  
dreams day's simultaneous beauty.  
Like an animal, light wakes us.  
A cock weaving time with colors  
and curing with mirrors.  
I leave my eyes, leap from my mouth,  
my pores on fire.  
Ceremonies for speaking.  
Flame that speaks what you burn.  
Your name a constellation ablaze on the sky roofing my mouth.  
Your body a constellation between my eyelids.  
The abyss a dark flower.  
Light, disentangle me, despoil me.  
Fingering my chin, I search for myself,  
touch my shadow.  
Walk through a flame  
to the bottom of things.  
Leafless, my clover  
Blooms inward, toward you.  
Don't place more numbers  
between the light and the known.  
To converse  
you must burn a small white candle  
and stay close to the sky.